THE SENTINEL.

YAZOO CITY, MESS.

Helena, Montana, with a population of only 25,000, contains thirtytwo millionaires.

During the past ten years the farmers of New Zealand have exported 100,000,000 rabbit skins. It seems that the rabbits and the number killed are both increasing, for the exports finst year rose to 11,340,000 skins, walned at \$480,000.

Insanity shows a decrease in New York State, according to the latest statistics. A forthcoming official report will show 523 cases of lunacy in 1890 as against 598 in 1889. About one-half the afflicted are from New York city and Brooklyn.

A thing the general public does not know is that there are few, if any, patents on surgical instruments. When a physician gets up some new device to meet the needs of the progression of surgery and medicine, he does not get a patent on it, but any one is free to make it, and the profession gets the benefit of that fact.

An eminent bacteriologist at St. Petersburg, Russin, has dicovered that glanders may be cured by inoculation. This disease is dangerous to human beings as well as to horses. In the experiments with it the statement is made that five scientists lost their lives. It is said that Dr. Koch has gone to Egypt to study leprosy, which he thinks inoculation will cure.

According to the Portland Oregonian the seal for the State of Wyoming contain the figure of a woman, from whose uplifted arm hangs a broken chain, while the motto of the state is "Equal Rights." This seal was adopt. ed by the first Legislature, and is emblematic of the political status of a state which is different in the respect symbolized from every other in the American Union.

Epauleted statesmen are common in South America, asserts the New York Mercury, but not civilian statesmen-Brazil has sustained a great loss in the death of Benjamin Constant, Minister of War. He was a rare man. An early democratic-republican, a teacher in the Polytechnic School of Rio Janeiro, he proved himself to be a skilled and conservative statesman. , the Constant had the North Ame form entures, which is an exception to the spanish and Portuguese rule of hered-

of cotton to Europe? The culture of cotton is successfully under way in the more southerly portion of the semitropical Jordan Valley, and several fine plantations are said to be flourishing In the vicinity of Jericho. It is thought that with the projected opening up of Palestine by railroads a large aggregate of area will be devoted to the culture of cotton in the land where in olden times "fine linen" was perfection in the clothing line.

English writers have frequently referred to the phrase "too thin" as an "execrable Americanism;" but, as a matter of fact, discovers the New York Tribune, its paternity is English, The Rev. Dr. William Cave, who was born in 1637, in his life of St. Althanasius, said: "For procuring a syned to be called at Antioch, Eustachius is charged as heterodox in the faith, though they knew that too thin . hold water." And many years later Lord Chancellor Eldon, in one of his opinions, declared: "I cannot agree that reasonable notice is a subject too thin for a jury to act upon."

The discovery which Secretary Rusk announces to have been made by Prof. Riley, in making sugar from sorghum profitable, is a matter of wider importance, declares the Courier-Journal, than many may think. Whatever helps to diversify farm industries is a benefit not only to the few who engage In the new employment, but to the millions who do not. If farming is ever unprofitable it is not because the world has too much to eat, or too many kinds of good, wholesome food. More likely the glut comes from growing too little, and concentrating effort on a few easily produced and therefore unnaturally cheap articles. If sorghum sugar can be made in competition with the cane of Cubs or Louisiana, or the cheap beet sugar of Europe, the fact will not alone benefit Western farmers, but those of the East and of New England as well. It will decrease the competition which the West now falling as a swimmer would, then it the cove of Mission Bay, got fate suits makes with what are naturally best | sank adapted to Eastern farmers' fields and methods of business.

THE EVENING COMETIL.

The daylight fades upon the hills; Soft are the shades that follow. Nastling into the sheltering wood, Filling the lensly hollow: Brooding our earth with allence blest, Peace and rest, oh, pence and rest!

The white, white light, the far-floug light. That filled my lifted vision. That law upon the midday land, That lit the hills Elysian! Oh, morning gleam! Oh, noontide glow!

The sun is set, the day is low. Hush heart, and long not! So it is, 'tie best What matter if the strong, wide-reaching

Be long or short? The evening comes a way! The evening husbed and cool and blest Be still, oh, heart, be still and rest. -[Aurilla Furber, in Washington Post.

LAYING A GHOST.

WILL P. POND.

An old friend of mine, a retired sea captain, has a house overlooking the Narrows, near Fort Hamilton. It was built from his own plans, and is chiefly remarkable for a square structure rising from the roof, generally taken for an observatory, but which is really the old man's sanctum, known as "the cabin." The privileged visitors are his grandsons and nephews, who obtain entrance by going on the lawn and shouting "ship ahoy!" meeting with the reply "ahoy there!" then "is the skipper aboard)" and the answer to this query settles the matter of whether they will be admitted or not. If they are, a story is the natural result, and as the old gentleman is an enthusiastic sportsman, he has many reminiscences of the sea. I have several times been one of the audience, and not one of the least interested by any means.

The boys had been spending the summer in the Adirondack's last year, and on their return speedily made a visit to "the cabin," where the captain and I were seated. The usual ceremony was gone through, the boys reported the events of the holiday, or, as he termed it. "overhauled their log," and then without any asking, the old gentleman said: "Boys, I have a story Raquette Lake that is worth hearing. Did anyone tell you about the ghost I caught there?

"Ghost," echoed the boys, "what was "I suppose it was about twenty years

ago," began the old gentleman, "when I found myself with a friend at Raquette Lake, after a sprolonged fishing trip in that most lonely region. For a week or more luck had not been ours, and we had moved from Saranae to Raquette Lake, in hopes of finding some big fish worthy of our steel. Arriving at the hotel in the evening, we had supper, and then sought the plezza,

honeymoon, and spent a good deal of their time in fishing. In the woods, bordering the pool, was a gypsy camp, and by some means the young fellow incurred the enmity of the gypsy woman, and was cursed by her. The following week, bride and groom were drowned in the pool by the accidental upsetting of their boat, and their bodies were never recovered. The gypsy's curse is said to have doomed them to eternal wandering, like ered. her own nomadic race, and local tradition says, the ghost of the girl in her husband's arms is still to be seen in the pool at night, and evil follows to those

who are unlucky enough to see them.
"I laughed at the story, although, like all sailors, I was superstitious to a certain degree, and would not have liked the daily appearance of a shark along or have tempted Providence by catching Mother Cary's chickens, any more than many other sailors who know

what these things mean. "As I was saying, I laughed at it, but my friend, a younger man by ten or twelve years, jumped at the chance of some excitement, and declared we must investigate. The next day we engaged our fisherman, and made arrangements for him to rest us a light cance, which we could keep on the lake front, for our own use, independent of the large boat we used with him. We found the fish-ing very good, but the fish were not extraordinarily large, so at last we pro-To our amusement he flatly, but civilly refused to do so, and so one day we went alone, and dared the dangers, probable and improbable. It was a pretty nook, with deep black water, the hills rising to a considerable height, clothed with hemlocks and firs. We caught one good fish, a ten-pound pickerel, and a number of fair sized ones.

The next day it rained in torrents and the next; then about noon it slowly cleared away, and as the sun went down not a cloud was to be seen, and the water

"What a night for fish,' said my young friend; 'let us take the cance and try the pool; the fish ought to rise as soon as the moon comes up.

ties in the boat. As we began to feel rather tired at our long day, we started home early, I at the paddle, when sud-denly my friend said, pointing behind me, "Look, see there! what is it?" Hurriedly turning, I saw something at Pacific Beach the other day. See was moving across the mosalight about one of three students from the college three hundred fact away, awimming of Letters who belong to the swigning. ever the surface of the water, rising and club. They went to the buthle

my friend, 'by heavens, the ghost?'

the spot,
"Keep quiet, it may come again," I ming over and car, ing off their ours.
When it was discovered the San Diego girl remarked that she wouldn't be outgirl remarked that she wouldn't be outgirl remarked. "Soon it reappeared, far over the pool, something white gleaming in the moon-light, like an arm, and then middenly as

Heturning to the hotel, we decided to keep our experiences to ourselves, and investigate the matter further. The next day we spent quietly, and as soon as night fell again paddled across to the pool, and getting under the above, waited

though we waited two hours, we saw it

for developments.
"All was dark, with that peculiar blue blackness that precedes the rise of the moon in the mountains, and over all things lay the mist of night, broken only by the katy-dids or the burget of a low flying night-hawk. Every new and again the faintest breath swayed the doating over the water, and then, far on the other side of the lake, slowly appeared a ray of burnished silver, which stole affently towards us neross the boson of the water, as the full moon climbe the pine-clothed hill behind us, and passed over into full view. It was as ight as day, except where we lay, in

Anxiously we cast our eyes fround, but no sign appeared, and at ten o'clock friend said, 'no use to-night, you paddle home, and I will troll as we go. I may get a rise. I think this ghoat business is a fraud—a case of too much pie last evening. I begin to think we dreamed it. "I said nothing but paddled slowly along, while he stood forward, playing

his spoon, making a thousand ministure rainbows at every splash as it fell into the water, or was lifted from it. "A dream

water, or was litted from it. A dream was it'! I said suddenly, 'see there.'
"Away off in the lake was the ghost, flashing over the water and disappearing as before. We looked at each other. Get ma close, and I'll cast and hook it, 'said my friend, and smiling at the idea of fishing for a ghost, I turned the cance in the direction where it disappeared. Again it rose, and I drove the cance toward it with all my strength, while my friend held his rod poised ready to cast.

" There it is, heading straight for us. Hold her steady, hold? and looking where he pointed, I saw the thing speeding toward us, the white neck and shoulders, and dark hair showing plainly in the moonlight, swaying with the movement of the swimmer, to right and left, as an insensible woman might. Again it sank suddenly as it had appeared, just beyond casting distance,

"Lying quietly in our canoe, but ready for action, we waited a little time and then, with an over widening ripple that at last showed something material, it rose again. Quickly the boar-flew to meet it; another second, the shining spoon flew out, but while the hooks were

as it ran out nearly the full line, and then turned, we saw the busy to speak, for with moderate tackle and a birch canoe, a heavy fish is no child's play to fight, but a quick glance passing between us told our thoughts; nd as another sudden rush, and a turn, almost under the boat, again brought the arm to view, we knew we had hooked the ghost, whatever it might prove. While the fight waged, at every turn of the fish, and slack of the line, I drove the canoe toward the shallows, for we had forgotten the gaff, and I meant to land the thing at all cost. Shorter and shorter grew the line, weaker and weaker the struggles, until at last my paddles touched bottom. 'Bring it close as you can and hold it,' I said as I stepped overboard into the warm water. The boat swung around, the line hung quivering in front of me, as the conquered fish turned at bay for the last time, and then with a step forward, a sudden stoop, a grasp of the line with the left hand, and reach downward with the right, the fingers and thumbs grasping the great fish by the eyes, while the hand, releas ing the line, dipped under its body, and in a second it was in the cance, and the ghost for ever laid. What do you think was, boys! A temendous pike, twelve or thirteen years old, by his grey whiskered snout and gills, weighing about sixteen pounds, with a frame to support another ten pounds if he had been well fed. That was all-but there on his shoulders sat the ghast. It was the skeleton of a young sea eagle, who, swooping down at the fish, had met more than its match. The talons of the bird, deeply embedded among the stont bones of the back had prevented its release, and the fish, drowning the bird, har been forced to carry the skeleton around like an old man of the sea. Every time the back. "You are much better, and I fish more to the surface of the surfa fish rose to the surface, the white breast-bone and back gleamed in the mocalight, while the feathers of the wings, matted in weed had grown to be a veriface gar-with great acuteness. He was at this weed had grown to be a verital den of water growths, and floating be-hind gave the semblance of hair to the Our catch crested quite a stir at he time, and I have often regestled I did not keep the skeletons. Some years later, a well-known traveller told me there were several such cases on record in Europe; one in Lake Wetter. in Lake Fryksdal in Norway, and that in each case the natives had been driven to other fishing grounds by the ghost."-[Drake's Magazine.

Wouldn't Be Outwitted

A San Diego girl distinguished beneff

swimmer, and she was so busy teach light boat round, and sent her flying to her girl companions that none of them the spot.

witted by any sneaking boys. Her companions could not be trusted in deep the thing turned in its course, it changed water and they ac ordingly turned pule. to a neck and shoulders, over which the San Diegan told them to get into tumbled a mass of dark, wet hair; then the boat, as she would pull them across. it sank as suddenly as it appeared, and She then pushed the boat off, took the rope in her teeth and swam across to the boathouse, having to foat on her back but twice in the entire pull,-[San Diego (Cal.) Union.

A PRETTY ROMANCE.

How a San Francisco Girl Became an Artist.

People who noticed in the Examiner window recently a splendid cast of Sit-ting Bull will be interested to hear the pretty romance of the young artist whose work it was.

It was modeled by Miss Alice Rideout, a young lady of less than eighteen years of age, who has already shown such talent that she bids fair to take front rank among the host of artists that the Pacific slope can claim as its own.

Her first start in her chosen profession can be directly traced to a large English mastiff owned by her family, al-though her artistic aspirations date back to her early childhood. One day while accompanied by the mastiff, she passed the open door of a sculptor's studio. The animal rushed in and, with apparent deliberation, knocked over the pedestal upon which was placed for exhibition the artist's latest work. An arm and leg were shattered, and the piece lay a seeming wreck on the floor. The attendant was wild. The girl endeavored to make excuses for the dog, but nothing would answer. Offers were made to pay for the damage, but to no avail. The man dreading that upon the artist's return he would lose his position, was inconsolable. The girl begged to be allowed to repair the piece, and after repeated entreaties the man consented, with the remark that while he did not believe that it could be fixed, he was very certain that she could not injure it. He mixed the clay for her, and watched with interest the unpracticed fingers doing the work that the accomplished artist had so lately finished and taken so much pride in. An hour passed with most gratifying results; the arm was restored and was perfect; the attendant was happy. Another hour the leg approached completion, when lo, the artist appeared on the scene. He took in the situation at a glance, and, unnoticed by the occupants of the room, watched the work. Finished, explanations are in order and given. The artist is charmed, declares the work of restoration has added new charms to the piece, and having heard from the guil the great ambition of her life, went with her to her home and insisted that her parents should allow her an opportunity to learn the art for which she had evidently so much in-

where we found a mutual friend to whom where we found a mutual friend to whom we applied for inforty, tion about the fishing, and who gay the hamse of a good man to enter showing his remarks with, 'a pistol the me fault-superstition—we box of \$4.00 bias or the with readment.

The with readment of take yet over to the information of the pool as they call it, although the best and commenced to day it. And now ensued a curious sight, the fish, evidently a large one, rushed hither and once, the good as the proof of the growth of the In a paper re-phasicen found guilty clothet, you in meating in Benver, Dr. Eskridge diswith the United States for the supply ago a young couple came here on their levels and subsequently at the high levels of Colorado are not without their value. Dr. Eskridge is of opinion that persons suffering from insomnia derive more benefit from a stay in Colora lo than they would from residence for a similar time at an ordinary seaside resort, so long as the insomnia is not due to organic brain disease. In persons naturally nervous and irritable, on the other hand, he believes that prolonged residence at high levels is deleterious. In the course of ordinary nervous diseases no difference seems to be observable, but both sleoholism and the opium habit seem to prevail to an alarming extent. It must be borne in mind, however, that many addicted to such habits either go or are sent to Colorado in the hope of being weaned from the habit, while many suffering from chronic alcoholism naturally drift westward. No reliable statistics as to insanity are obtainable, and consequently no opinion as to undue prevalence or absence of this condition can as vet be formed. Strange but temporary mental effects, however, following ascents to high altitudes in Colorado, have been noted, and the occurrence of those is perhaps significant, - | Chicago News.

Insanity and Deafness,

Dr. Sanborn, of the State Insane Asylum at Augusta, has a wide sympathy and feels deeply for his charges at the asylum. We were making a tour of the hos-pital with him the other day, when he

time very violent and had to be kept secure. As his mania passed, he became deaf. He has been here before-comes here periodically-and each time I notice the peculiarity in his hearing. It is a curious case. What strange action of the curious case. What strange action of the sense of hearing? In his mania his hearing is exceedingly acute. In his sanity it is exceedingly dull. The brain is a wonderful world."—[Lewiston (Me.) Journal.

POOR BUT PROUD.

Agent of Benevolent Society.-The people in that tenement house on Kar street are wretchedly poor, but they are proud and independent. They say they President of Society-Then how do

you know they are very poor!
Agent-I stumbled over oine dogs on and rowed out to a little slands half. Agent -1 stumbled over nine do, what on earth was lt!" again asked mile off, locking down on San Diego, their strikway. - Chicago Tribune.

CAPTURED BY TRICKS.

How South American Indians Lay in a Supply of Venison.

The manuer in which the South Amerian Indians hunt deer in the Cordilleras is very luteresting and somewhat ingeni-They first ascertain the locality in which the animals congregate to graze, and then the men, women and old chiidren of the tribe make extensive preparations to hem in the herd. In order to cause a stampede they blow horns, yell and make other bewildering and outlandish noises. As a natural conse quence the deer quit their grazing places. They form in line in regular marching order, the older males leading the way, tollowed by the females and young, while the rear column is brought up by the young bucks, who act as protectors to the centres.

The Indians now close in upon them, seeing which the animals prepare to do battle for their lives. The hunters then proceed to prepare the instruments of destruction, consisting of large lances, resinous torches, and nooses fixed to

The worst enemy of the deer is the jaguar and wild-cat, and their animosity them is such that they have been known to leap over a hunter in order to attack either of these feline foes. The Indians, knowing this, employ it to great advantage during these bunts. The women stuff a number of jaguar and cat-skips, which are placed in prominent positions on the edges of precipices, in full view of the deer. Immediately the bucks make a violent effort to get at them, in order to hurl them into the abyss beneath, but are thus treated themselves by the wily hunters, who push them over the cliffs, where they are quickly hamstrung or otherwise disabled by the women, who are stationed After the first onslaught on the stuffed figures, the remaining deer seem to recognize the fact that they have been tricked, and huddle together, awaiting

another attack.
Then the Indians throw lighted torches among them and a panic ensues. They make desperate efforts to escape, but the reientless hunters drive them over the crags until they see that a sufficient number have been captured-usually four or five hundred. They do not usually harm the females and fawns, and also allow a few ducks to escape. Very seldem is a doe killed, and if a doe fawn is captured, it is immediately liber-The flesh is eaten by the Indians and also carried to the villages to be sold, while the skins are either purchased by dealers, or made up into various articles by those who assisted in their capture. - Detroit Free Press.

Stanley's Taciturnity.

A. J. Mounteney Jephson (one of Stanley's trusted lieutenants) tells the following story of his leader in the Scribner: "On my bringing the corn into his tent, Stauley said to me: 'This, Jephson, is the second time you have done us a good turn; you have brought us food now when we are starving, and you captured that big cance down river, which has been of such value to us for

leader, and it greatly surprised us. It was not till some months afterward that we began to understand that, under the seeming indifference our leader had for his officers, there lay a strong sympathy and interest for all that we did, though he seldom allowed it to be apparent. I feel certain that, had the officers of the 'Rear Column' only been long enough with him, they too would have understood their leader, as we of the 'Advance Column' eventually learned to do."

Slippers of Human Skin.

Speaking of weird, uncanny gifts, the other day a pretty girl produced a pair of house slippers, presented her by a young medical student friend. They were not so remarkable looking, but as she brought them in, balanced on the ferule of her parasol, the company instantly recognized the presence of something out of the ordinary. Gently drop ping the dainty footgear on a rug, the owner invited her friends to use their umbrellas freely in turning her low shoes over and examining every part.

They were admirably made, with nar-row soles, pointed toes, high heels and a ig monogram, embroidered in silk floss half way up the instep.

"Of course, I'll never wear the horrid things," the girl hastened to assure her friends; "but-

Ah, but that "but!" She will pro bly marry the medical student. - Illustrated American

A Criterion of Wives.

The plural-wife system prevails at San Carlos, Arizona, where it is regarded by Apache bucks as profitable, for the reason that wives are tireless toilers. They chop wood, carry water, pack hay, herd stock, build wickiups, cook and, in fact, do all the labor calculated to contribute to the necessity and comfort of the camp. Apache women are merchantable, are bought and sold. A buck's wealth is estimated in part by the number of his wives. The value of a wife is calculated by the weight she can carry—therefore those having defective spines and who are unable to pack a sack of flour or a bundle of hay or an eighth of a cord of wood and a pappoose at the same time are not regarded as valuable property, and are less appreciated by their masters than a pony or a burro.—[Globe (Arizo-na) Silver Belt.

The Kind Word.

Do we ever need reminder, in our hurried lives, of the grace that lies in the kindly spoken word? It may be as we pass a friend in a crowded shop, or nod to her as we hasten by her door on our morning walk to the market or the ferry, that we puter the courts ferry, that we utter the gentle greeting, leave behind us the flash of the happy smile, and brighten a day that was per-Why should we not be lavish of it in a world where nobody stands alone, but where rich and poor, and and glad, loft; and lowly, are bound in one bundle)-[Harper's Bazar.

"UNTER DEN LINDEN."

Scenes Along the Most Famous Street in Berlin.

The most famous street in Berlin, Germrny, is the Unter den Linden. While it is distinctly inferior to the Parisian boulevards, the Unter den Linden is still a handsome and notable thoroughfare. The Berliners, whose municipal patriotism is always at the highest pitch, fondly claim that the big, shaded promenade that stretches from the imposing Brandenburg Gate to the Opera Platz is the finest street in Europe. This, perhaps, is only enthusiasm, but if you are ever in Beriin it will be just as well for you not to say so. Most of the lime, maple and chestnut trees that shade the Unter den Linden have a stunted look, as though the soil and the climate disagreed with their constitutions. The street itself is 196 feet wide. It is a mile long and as straight as a Prussian guardaman. There is a broad central walk, with plenty of

On either side are the carriage drives, generally througed with all sorts of ve-hicles, from fine carriages to the country farmer's wagon. Above the sidewalks that border the street there tower two more or less imposing rows of mansions, palaces, big hotels and stores that cannot begin to compare with those of Broadway. The architecture of the buildings that line the "linden street" is pretty well mixed. The inferior buildings are getting weeded out, though; and, in course of time, the pet street of the energetic young capital of Germany will pre-ent a much more satisfactory archi-

tectural aspect. The imperial palace, which stands at one corner of the Opera Platz, is big, but not particularly imposing. In pleasant weather the scenes on the Unter den Linden are always lively. Berlin is an intensely military city, and the promenade is gay with uniforms of all the branches of the marvelously perfect German army. Grim old officers whose chests are brilliant with decorations, proud young lieutenants whose sabers are always clattering, bulky, lumbering "white cuirassiers" and trim, erect infantry and artillery men quite discount

civilians on the street. Of course, the German nursemaid is out in full force. Equally, of course, where she is, the German guardsman is also. Many and tender are the flirtations of these two "under the lindens." The Unter den Linden is a sort of German via triumphalis. Through it the armiss of the fatherland enter Berlin on their victorious return from war. A scene that will live long in the memory of those who witnessed it was the triumphant re-entry into Berlin of the victorious Germans after the close of the Franco-Prussian war of 1870-71. Up the througed, applauding street came the blue masses of helmeted infantry with steady, disciplined tread. There rode the dashing uhlans, with their pennoned lances, and there the statuesque cuirassiers in their gleaming steel coats. There was sailles, gray and stern, yet wonderfully, happy, as well he might be. With him were Bismarck and Von Moltke, his two mighty men, whose tonic of blood and from had strengthened Germany till her trained soldiers felt themselves capable of whipping all Europe. It was a great spectacle—that triumphal enery of the Kaiser, who has since goue to his rest, and it made the Unter den Linden seem more than ever, to the Berliners, the great national street of the fatherland .- [New York Mail and Express.

The Caroline Islands.

It is a fact that the American missionaries in the Caroline Islands are discriminated against by the Spanish authorities. In 1852 the American Board of Foreign Missions sent out several missionaries to christianize the islands of this section of the Pacific Ocean, at that time unclaimed by any foreign State and but little known, except to hardy New England whallog sailors, who had found in them a source of supplies for their ships during their long cruises in hunting whales from Cape Horn to the Arctic Ocean.

These missionaries, after many struggles against the heathenism of the natives of the islands, at last gained a foothold and steadily advanced, until now the entire islands hereabout may be truly said to be as thoroughly christianized (not civilized) as any of the countries inhabited by the white race, writes a New York Times correspondent. The work of the missionaries has been almost wonderful. They have built churches and schools, have reduced the native dialect to writing and instructed the children in books printed in the native tongue; induced the natives to live in villages and respect one another's rights and property: have raised the standard of morality and established the binding marriage cere-mony, and have educated the natives so that the rudimentary branches are well known by the mass of the people, and the English language has become almost as much used as the native tongues.

In return for all this the love of the natives for their missionary friends is very great. They allow themselves to be governed and directed by the missionaries without comment, looking up to them as being always right, and acknowledging the authority of missionaries above all others,

Lightning Calculators.

The late George Bidder, of England, at the age of eight, could answer almost simultaneously how many farthings there were in any sum under £868,424,121. Zerah Colburn was another lightning calculator of the same generation. Once he was asked to name the square of 999,999, which he instantly stated to be 990,999, which he instantly stated to be 990,998,000,001. He multiplied this by forty-nine, and the product by the same number, and the total result he then multiplied by twenty-free. He could multiplied by twenty-five. He could raise the figure eight to the sixteenth power almost instantly and with perfect ease. He once instantly named the fac-tors of 941 and 263, and in five seconds calculated the cube root of 413,228,348,-677 .- St. Louis Republic.

Jon Bruns, of Punther Creek, N. C., is an enthusiast upon the subject of egg enting. He lacks one lack of being seven tent high, and claims a record of enting 180 eggs at one meal.